

Tales from THE ZONE

& Other Emanations from
The Los Angeles
Cacophony Society
(Issue #23)

May 1993



The Cacophony Society is a randomly gathered network of free spirits devoted to the pursuit of experiences beyond the pale of mainstream society. We are the composers of disharmony, the engineers of disorder, emcees of the dreamstate lottery, dumpster-picking poets, voodoo percussionists, snake-handlers, good losers, bad witch doctors, glossolaliacs, and addictive personalities. You may already be member!

I WAS A TEENAGE HORROR FAN

Saturday, May 8 1:30 -3:00

Back in 1958, Forest J. Ackermann got the idea of publishing a fanzine doting on the activities of murderous zombies, evil mutations, grave-robbing scientists, vampires, werewolves, and just about anything else with a taste for human blood. Thus was born *Famous Monsters Magazine*, and for those forward-looking youth who had already turned away from Ozzie and Harriet to the more appealing role models crawling out of graves and nuclear test sites, this publication was a godsend. As the preeminent Historian of Horror, Mr. Ackermann has also founded a museum of sorts, open by appointment to all devotees of the genre. The "Ackermansion" is nothing less than the horror fan's ultimate wet dream — 18 rooms crammed full of thousands of artifacts from a lifetime of obsessive collecting. Lifecasts of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, and all your faves, stop-motion puppets from *King Kong* and Ray Harryhausen films, miniatures and props from all the finest creature features, costumes, photos, posters and every other kind of horror fan fetish item. Come along and caress the costume once worn by Johnny X the Half Boy in Todd Browning's *Freaks*. Have your photo snapped with the Ymir from *20 Million Miles to Earth*. Make a pass at the sexy Doppelgaenger robot from *Metropolis*, and catch an earful of "Forry's" tales from Hollywood's darkside.

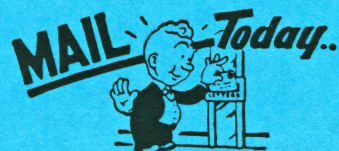
RSVP: Dr. Caligari (213) 937-2759

POSTAL POTLUCK

May 1- May 31

Finally an event for the infirm & homebound ! Open your mailbox to total strangers! He who sends receives! Our Postal Potluck is a mail exchange to make Dada proud . What you send is up to you. Send us anything — your own handiwork or a xerox, collage, drawing, nail clippings, a poem about your nail clippings, obscene fantasies, or randomly selected items from your immediate environs. Anything that is sent to us enclosed in an envelope within an envelope with appropriate postage affixed to the outgoing 'lope will be forward to another randomly selected participant in the Potluck. Sign your address if you like, but be sure to write the words "Random Selection" on both the outer and inner envelopes so they'll know why they're getting this shit, and we'll know that we have to part with it. We won't open the envelopes, but we would love to find out what we're doing, so give us a call to tell us what you got. Everyone who participates will receive mail, whether they like it or not. And it's fun mail, even better than dry-cleaning coupons with kidnapped children on the back!

More Info: The Duchess (213) 936-8767.



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Emanations from the Los Angeles Cacophony Society

CLOWNS AGAINST COMMERCE IV "ATTACK ON CITY HALL"

Friday, May 14, 1 PM

All he wanted was peace and justice for his community. He believed it was possible to work *with* the system, to change it from within. And so he ran for mayor. But his only reward was public scorn and ridicule -- all because his skin happened to be covered with greasepaint. Well, sometimes good can't come through peaceful means. Sometimes justice wears a rubber nose and carries a cream pie. Spurned mayoral candidate Adam Bregman leads this incursion into city hall. Dress up. Act silly. We can supply the costumes. You supply the guts.

RSVP: Adam (310) 472-7604



EXTRATERRESTRIAL AERONAUTICS WORKSHOP

Sunday, May 23, 8 PM

Over the course of the past few months, strange transmissions have been coming in over the Cacophony hotline — short blips and sustained tones resembling a sort of binary code. When mapped against the exact time of their reception these blips revealed themselves to be paired coordinates in a three dimensional system describing advanced propulsion systems for intergalactic flight. Clearly it is the will of some exalted intelligence from beyond our galaxy that the Los Angeles Cacophony Society construct and launch a vehicle of extraterrestrial design. Fortunately the actual fabrication of the spacecraft requires only large quantities of mylar, helium, aluminum wire, and incandescent substances all readily available on our planet. After soberly evaluating the risks involved, including the possibility of mass hysteria and public panic at the appearance of a "UFO," we have chosen as a launch site a crowded outdoor shopping area, where we feel the distractions of normal consumer activity will diffuse tensions normally associated with the hovering presence of glowing extraterrestrial spacecraft. If you feel yourself called to join this mission, can provide financial or engineering assistance or act as a special "UFO counselor" controlling rumors and psychological response among spectators, or even if you would simply like to witness this historic moment please call after May 15 for further classified details.

RSVP: (213) 937-2759.

SOUNDS LIKE CACOPHONY

May 9 — Sex Dome II, **Mother's Day Porno Party** with Jack Baker, beloved filmmaker and sleaze-star, at Mondo Video. (213) 953-8896.

May 15-16 — **Snail Races** at the Puente Hills Mall. Pick up some escargot and let's meet for lunch. Call if you want to conglomerate as Cacophony (213) 937-2759.

June 18 — At last! Big Bang Eight, "**A Midsummer Night's Wet Dream**" Experience an initiatory journey through the Tarot. Also looking for Cacophonists interested in collaborating on Tarot environment. (213) 288-3689. Or write: Beavertail Productions, POB 7112 Burbank, CA 91510.

Attention Cheesheads! Joey Cheezhee, Korla Pandit & crew will be doing their thing Tues. evenings May 25 through June at Pedro's Supper Club across from the Ony on Vermont S. of Franklin. DJ'd kitsch too!

Want to Destroy a TV? Cacophony will be giving away TV's to be destroyed in July's **TV Set Death Pageant**. in which 17 working TV's will be publicly executed by the lucky winners of our **Art of Television Execution Contest**. If you have a creative way to dispatch a TV, write it down and send it in before June 31. TV Executioners will be chosen based on the practicality, safety, theatrical appeal, and perversity of their suggestions. Executions should not exceed 10 minutes. Any special props, tools, costumes, or crew required in your execution must be provided by contestants. These suckers won't last long, so send in your entry today!

WANTED: More distributors for the *Zone*. Perhaps you know of a cool place in your area where there is an embarrassing dearth of flyers? (213) 937-2759.

Drunk enough to believe you really are a poet? Send it to: *Fuck Caffeine*, PO Box 776, Hollywood 90028..

For your listening pleasure: **psychedelia, prank calls, and avant meandering** from John Trubee and Friends. Free catalog available from Space & Time c/o Trubee, PO Box 4921, Santa Rosa, CA 95402

Dial **(310) CUT-FOOT** for parties, music, poetry. Punk podiatry for a New World.

Wanna host an event? Got some mischief up your sleeve? What weird actives are you currently engaged in? Call us with your comments, news, tips, critiques and cravings!

LISTEN WELL, YE NON-SUBSCRIBING! NFIDEL!
Summer distribution of the *Zone* will be limited, so consider that subscription now. \$10 puts you in the *Zone* for 1 year and also gets you event reviews from SF Cacophony and beyond, weird pamphlets, prank flyers, cardboard tinkets, and other unsavory little enclosures. So make out that check to "The Zone" and just mail it to:

THE LA CACOPHONY SOCIETY

6085 Venice Blvd. #82

Los Angeles, CA 90034

(213) 937-2759

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